

John Sowlis

EXHIBIT 23
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HB

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Good day my name is Jerry Golins. I'm a battled scarred veteran of the nursing home wars and I suffer from Parkinson's. You may not know but I have a lot of nicknames from my productive years, some folks call me J.G. others just plain G or King of Wing and still others call me The Word Merchant. They use to call me the pompous ass with gray hair. But now you can call me The Brain, it's the only thing about me that still works. My placement in a nursing home seemed so wrong, I was in a place that seemed more like a mental health ward. No one could convince me to the contrary. I was reluctant to share these experiences with others because these images still haunt me today. Here are some examples of the things I had to face on a daily basis. For example, there was an elderly lady who liked to defecate in her pants. Afterward she would stick her finger in the muck then graze someone's hair with it. If that was not enough she would feign to the right and drop her shoulder like a basketball player and steal your coke-a-cola and guzzle it in one swallow. Then there was an elderly man who managed to get both his legs cut off by trains in two separate incidents. I didn't have the heart to ask him how he had done that. Next there was a pedophile who chose to dance up and down the hall bare naked. And who could forget the patient who suffered from Alzheimer's who I would discover in my room rifling through my things without my knowledge. Or the elderly woman who forgot how to swallow her food. She would try to trick her caregivers into thinking she swallowed the food but when it came oozing out of her mouth, there was no denying it. These are just a few of the people I had to spend my time with. I became testy and sometimes down right belligerent. Whenever staff would announce something that didn't make sense I would confront the staff about it. I was quickly becoming a McMurffy. Taking on the mis-ratchets of the world. I soon became aware of the fact that the nursing homes were staging areas for the dying and forgotten people. I began to question what I was doing here; was I merely postponing the inevitable? I was assigned to sit at the same table as people with end stage terminal Parkinson's. What kind of message were they trying to send me? My body had stopped producing a sufficient amount of dopamine which caused my physical power to go downhill, with my brain power still intact. That was all I was guilty of and for that I was treated like an incarcerated felon. Unfortunately it's hard to arrive at any other conclusion with respect

to the way nursing homes are run. They put me at a table with people who were all suffering from some form of mental illness. They all had the habit of breaking long periods of silence with screeching diatribes. Shared living is a program model that shows promise of providing genuine treatment. Word has it that Legislative is trying to cut the Hab Aids hours again. Such a decision will ultimately lead to poor supervision, which spells trouble for all of us people with handicaps. The hours I have now are insufficient, but cutting more of them would force me to sit on my hands and be a shut in not doing anything. I am living in a shared living environment. Between the Nursing home and this well there is no comparison. I urge you to stick to the high grounds. We are only asking for a small bit of freedom. Whatever freedom we can arrange is a priceless commodity.

Thank You,

Gerry Golins